

APA-FILK

#47

1 August 1990

APA-Q

#319

4 August 1990

1690 12 JULY

1990

LILLIBURLERO

Words: Marquess of Wharton

Music: Henry Purcell

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli berlero, bullen a-la
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero,
bullen a-la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero,
bullen a-la.

Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,
De law's on dare side, and Creish knows
what.

But if dispence do come from de pope,
We'll hang Magna Charta, and dem in a rope.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
And with brave lads is coming aboard:

Who all in France have taken a sware,
Dat dey will have no protestant heir.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
And we shall have commissions gillore.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.

Now, now de hereticks will go down,
By Crish and shaint Patrick, de nation's
our own.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog.
"Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass, and
a dog."

And now ~~dis~~ prophesy is come to pass,
For Talbot's de dog, and James is de ass.

"Never had so slight a thing so great an effect." - Bishop Gilbert Burnet

AFA - Q

AFA - FILK

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ANAKREON

#47, APA-Filk Mailing #47

1 August 1990

THE DIPLOMAT'S RAG

by Harold Groot, to the tune "Draft Dodger's Rag", reprinted from Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978. "NMR", for "No Moves Received", is a common complaint in postal war-gaming, and the subject of bitter recriminations from allies.

Well, I'm just a typical Diplomat
In a postal Diplomacy game.
I sing the blues 'cause when I lose
My allies are to blame.
A stab in the back, a surprise attack,
Well, those are the tools of the trade.
You've probably heard that I've broken
my word
In every treaty that I've ever made.

I've lured and I've been barred
From alliances with honorable men,
But they are few and, with postage due,
I signed a treaty again.
A build or two, and then he's due
To find me where I shouldn't be.
He'll ask me why 'fore he says goodbye
As his centers go to me.

IF I HAD A MIMCO

by Roy Smith, to the tune "If I Had a Hammer", reprinted from Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978

If I had a mimeo,
I'd publish in the mo-or-ning,
I'd publish in the ev-en-ing:
A Diplomacy 'zine!
I'd write about Dippy,
I'd write about D&D,
I'd write about the feuds between
the Liptons and the Sackses
In my Diplomacy 'zi-i-ine.

If I had a ditto,
I'd publish in the mo-or-ning,
I'd publish in the ev-en-ing:
A Diplomacy 'zine!
I'd write about SF
I'd write about Di-ip-Con,
I'd write about the feuds between
the Oaklyns and the Walkers
In my Diplomacy 'zi-i-ine.

If I had a xerox,
I'd publish in the mo-or-ning,
I'd publish in the ev-en-ing:
A Diplomacy 'zine!
I'd write about A-H
I'd write about S. P. I.
I'd write about the feuds between
the Rowlands and the Gibsons
In my Diplomacy 'zi-i-ine.

Well, I've got a mimeo,
My college has a ditto,
And there are stores to xerox
Diplomacy 'zines!
So I write about Dip World!
And I write Ta-ac-tics,
And I write about the feuds between
the Boardmans and Lakofkas
In my Diplomacy 'zi-i-ine!

These, and other filksongs of postal war-gaming fandom, surfaced in old postal Diplomacy 'zines when I was cleaning out my workroom. Mixumaxu Gazette was published by Bob Lipton, founder of APA-Filk. A-H (Avalon Hill) and S. P. I. (Simulations Publications Inc.) were the two leading war-game publishers of the period.

WE THREE KINGS OF DIPLOMACY ARE

by Carol Ann Buchanan, to the tune "We Three Kings of Orient Are", reprinted from Naorg-Olpid, V. 1, #3, a subzine of Hoosier Archives #43, 23 October 1971. (A subzine is a phenomenon of postal wargaming 'zines, a smaller 'zine attached to a larger one and distributed with it.) The song refers to another postal Diplomacy 'zine which depicted, as "the three kings of Diplomacy", Rod Walker, Hal Naus, and Charles Reinsel. These, together with Carol Ann and Walter Buchanan, who were some of the dedicated and at times vicious feudists who afflicted the early years of this hobby. All are gone now except Walker, and we don't miss them a bit. I was pleasantly surprised to find that Carol Ann Buchanan was capable of this relatively mild filksong, which limits itself to the altogether expectable feuds and double-crosses that take place in the course of a Diplomacy game.

ALL:

We three kings of Diplomacy are,
Baring our knives we traveled so far,
Kiel and Serbia,
Spain and Ankara,
Our enemies' plans to mar.

REFRAIN:

O, stab of wonder, stab of might,
Stab with knife blades flashing bright,
Onward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us in the bloody fight!

REINSEL:

Letters are mine; their bitter replies
Tell the day the firty dog dies;
Gasping, crying,
Bleeding, dying,
Stabbed in the back he lies.

REFRAIN:

NAUS:

Budapest to offer have I,

Stolen from Hungary on the sly,
Enemies dazing,
Armies raising,
See me now, King Most High.

REFRAIN:

WALKER:

Hailed the God of Diplomacy now;
At my feet all subjects must bow,
God forever,
Quitting? Never!
King of the Bloody Row!

REFRAIN:

ALL:

Glorious now behold us arise,
Strewing our trail with packs of lies;
Pacts and treaties
Filled with "Give me"-ties
We're shooting for the skies!

REFRAIN:

PARADISE IGNORED

by Adam Kasanof, reprinted from Urf Durfal, Grandson of Pouch #34-35, which in turn reprinted it from a defunct amateur war-gaming 'zine Der Fliegende Hollander. The attribution to Kasanof is doubtful, since no name is given with this song, though Kasanof's name is on the one that immediately precedes it. Urf Durfal was published by Greg Costikyan, then a student at Brown University, and now a war-game designer of major accomplishments. "Then" is uncertain, though my copy is postmarked 20 September 1978. Urf Durfal is a small town somewhere in Mongolia or Manchuria, which a group of young New York City play-testers discovered on the board of a game placed in that part of the world, which S. P. I. was then working on. The name appealed to them, and became a running gag at S. P. I., eventually becoming a typical sword-and-sorcery Great Wicked City in a fantasy role-playing board game that

S. P. I. published. Pouch was an earlier 'zine put out by a member of this group, most of whom are mentioned in the song. The names of Ray Heuer and John Vanible are well-known to New York area science-fiction fans. The presence of Patty Hearst, who was on the run from the law for 19 months in the mid-1970s and by this time was serving a sentence for bank robbery, was just wishful thinking. No tune is provided by the author.

It was a night of champing cold, with rain did blast the storm
A group repaired to Grossman's house, to keep both dry and warm.
Of varying degrees they were, they ranked from best to worst,
Comprising Grossman, Vanible, Matt Diller, Patty Hearst,
Gil Neiger, Scott Rosengurg, Ray Heuer and some more
Had, self-invited, sprawled themselves across chairs and couch and floor.

They called for Coke, they called for wine, they called as well for brew.
They yelled for ice, potato chips, hashish and pretzels too.
Grossman brought them their repasts, his anger it did fire;
He saw the guests would soon consume his larderfull entire.

Quoth he: "I beg to tell you all, the food is running low,
"You'll either have to fast a bit, or else you'll have to go."

"What can we do?" Matt Diller asked, "if we do not munch?
"I myself am starvelling, for I have had no lunch."
"I tell you all," said Grossman stern, "that as I breathe and live,
"Though you may wish to stuff yourselves, to find some alternative."

"Diplomacy," cried Neiger, but all the rest called "Boo!"
"Why don't we play D&D?", but they decried this too.

"What game can we play without munchies?" Heuer began to say,
"If we can't chew as we play them, games are no fun to play."

"I have a suggestion," said Patty, "to all of you physical wrecks,
"Since it does comprise good exercise."
"Third Reich?" Neiger asked. "No, no, SEX!"

Patty's proposal, as may be surmised, met with much assent.
Persons present grooved their minds to orgiastic bent.
A roar of acclamation quickly shook the guest-filled house,
As Patty Hearst undid the upper button on her blouse.

The others shouted accolade, their screams began to flow
The second one undone she said, "Two down and three to go."
Oh, will this poem now become, as Donald Wileman said,
High quality erotica, or tasteless smut instead?

There's more to this, oh reader mine, as well you might infer.
To see it all you'll have to read Der Fliegende Hollander.

Some of the postal Diplomacy filksongs refer to specific events and positions on the Diplomacy board, which is a map of the Europe of 1914, as the game simulates the political and military setting of World War I. The major European powers of the time, each one taken by a player, are England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Turkey, so the players represent themselves as the sovereigns or high officials of those nations. Supply centers are the economic basis of the game, and to

YESTERFILK

XX. Yankee Doodle, Save Your Hide!

In recent Mailings of APA-Filk there has been some discussion of the original song "Yankee Doodle", which existed before the familiar version beginning "Yankee Doodle went to town..." was written. So I have extracted the original 15 verses from Songs Every Child Should Know (ed. Dolores Bacon, New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1906), a book sent me a few years ago by Dave Schwartz, who found it somewhere in New Jersey. In those days it was apparently considered appropriate to expose the kiddies to some fairly adult material, and so the book also includes "The Vicar of Bray", the treasonous "Maryland, My Maryland" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag"; and a cleaned-up version of the old German folk-tune "The Landlady's Daughter" that in a few years was to become "Mademoiselle from Armentieres". While some of the songs praise the glories of war, others tell what is likely to happen to the poor fellow who falls for such nonsense.

One of these songs, you may be surprised to learn, is the original "Yankee Doodle". These words, the first to that title, date back beyond the American Revolution to that conflict which is called the French and Indian War in North America and the Seven Years' War everywhere else. Bacon quotes Moor's Encyclopedia as citing the tune as an old Spanish air, and these words as being written by a British military surgeon named Dr. Schackburg. The occasion for Dr. Schackburg's mirth was a militia muster in 1755 near Albany, of troops being organized for defense against the French and Indians. The author describes the muster from the point of view of a poor farm boy, who has never seen military paraphernalia before, and is worried that it may literally be the death of him. Nobody seems to know who added the comments on General Washington, but they obviously refer to the mutual shock that must have taken place when this cultured Virginia aristocrat came north to take command of a volunteer army of rowdy, undisciplined, white and black New England workingmen.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Goodin',
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

CHORUS: Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men
As rich as squire David,
And what they wasted every day
I wish it could be saved.

CHORUS:

The 'lasses they eat every day
Would keep a house a winter;
They have so much, that I'll be bound
They eat it when they've mind ter.

CHORUS:

And there I see a swamping gun
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

CHORUS:

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

CHORUS:

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's inderpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

CHORUS:

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

CHORUS:

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

CHORUS:

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

CHORUS:

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked on it with little clubs
And called the folks together.

CHORUS:

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

CHORUS:

He got him on his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion;

He sat the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

CHORUS:

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted dreadfully to get
To give to my Jemima.

CHORUS:

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

CHORUS:

It scared me so, I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

CHORUS:

This version has the authentic 18th-century flavor, including such period adjectives of **size** or quantity as "'tarnal" ("eternal"), "nation" (for "tarnation" or the forbidden word "damnation"), "slapping", "swamping", and "tearing". The pronunciation of "saved" in two syllables is a period usage; referring to his early 19th-century New England childhood, Thomas Bailey Aldrich (of those Aldriches) said that an elderly great-aunt was in the habit of reading aloud and pronouncing all the "-ed" endings as separate syllables. The "pumpkin shell" was probably a mortar gun or a large grenade. What is meant by "Josiah's inderpinning" is unclear, though "underpinning" was a slang term for legs. It may be Dr. Schackberg's reference to some unusually thin local character. Possibly some local historian in the Albany region might be able to identify "Cap'n Goodin'", "Squire David", "Cap'n Davis", and the proud commander whose role was later taken by "Cap'n Washington".

GETTING CAUGHT UP

The 46th Mailing was indeed a lean one, with only 21 pages, the Windbourne ad franked through, and the cover that Mark Blackman got for us. This present 47th Mailing will be better. I have already done up a cover suitable for both APA-Filk and APA-Q, which will be collated at the same time. It will be the front cover of either or both if nothing else comes in, and the back cover otherwise. There is even a filksong on it, which remains controversial three centuries after it was written. Obscure topical references in it will be discussed elsewhere, under "Graceless Notes".

Observations from a Filk Virgin (Agranoff): I gave you some copies of APA-Filk at one of your gigs at the Good Coffeehouse. However, I don't know whether they were the first you'd ever seen.

We're glad you enjoyed your first s-f/fantasy convention filksinging session. We hope you can get to many more of them. You have put your finger right on the difficulties of running a Bardic Circle, but Carol Kabakjian indeed handled that one very well.

Singspiel #46 (Blackman): I dunno that the Calvin of Calvin

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves

1618

and Hobbes has been given a last name in that strip.

There have been a number of folks observing that the militancy of the early days has gone out of the trade union movement. The IWW's original "When the union's inspiration through the worker's blood shall run..." has been parodied as "When the workers' inspiration through the union's blood shall run..." by those who feel that ordinary members are, or should be, upset at the inaction of their unions on matters of concern to them. The lines to the right, to the tune of "The Red Flag", express the same lack of union solidarity.

"The working class can kiss my ass -
I've got the foreman's job at last..."

Andreas Codrescu, a commentator for National Public Radio, had a few things to say about how his native Romania is reacting to what American editorial pages call the restoration of freedom. On "All Things Considered" of 30 July, he told about a recent visit to the town where he had been born. After a warm, friendly village feast he got into conversation with a local folksinger who asked him why he had ever left Romania in the first place. Before Codrescu, who is part Jewish, could reply, the singer struck up a series of old songs which had been forbidden under the Communist regime but could now be sung freely again - songs that celebrated the glories of Transylvania, and said how wonderful things would be when all the Hungarians, Germans, Jews, and Gypsies were kicked out.

So "Bush compared the Panama invasion in importance to the battles of Yorktown and Gettysburg"? I had another battle in mind, in which planes of a nation with which we were at peace struck without warning and killed hundreds of people. You will find the same sentiments in Charles Burrell's article in Newsday of 29 July, in which he draws many disquieting parallels between Pearl Harbor and Panama City. "Both attackers said they were protecting their own people and striking blows against evil aggressors...The difference reflects in part the ability of the victim to fight back, not the relative morality of the attacks...History may remember both as acts of strategic self-interest...Both were also acts of mass murder by the state, committed in the name of justice and thereby supported by the aggressor's own people, and both were abhorred by civilization as a whole."

The parallel is not yet complete. The Panamanians have not yet done to Bush what the Americans did to Tojo.

D. C. al Fine #8 (Stein): You seem to have proven, to your own easily obtained satisfaction, that opponents of the U. S. attack on Panama are militarists. I eagerly await the corollary, which I expect to see in this Mailing, proving that a supporter of the U. S. attack on Panama is a pacifist.

And I have encountered the "What would you do if Hitler..." and "What would you do if Stalin..." arguments so frequently that I know how to deal with them. My response is: "He's dead." But people who make the "What would you do if..." statements are seldom willing to accept this, and I have to refer them to various standard reference works which will assure them that Hitler and Stalin are indeed dead. I will do this for you if you need it.

I am not surprised that an entire set can be done with cat filk. Perhaps you might give us an appropriate play list. Cats are good pets for bookish people, as most fans are, and they are so common that invitations to parties at fans' homes must routinely include warnings for cat-allergic people.

I have also had some problems with bronchitis lately. They have been complicated by various physicians whom I am humoring in their delusion that something can be done about bronchitis. I have given up on being cured, a word that does not seem to be in the vocabulary of contemporary physicians, and am settling for palliatives. One of the best I have discovered myself - sourballs or lifesavers. I am using the medically prescribed remedies instead, only because I am tired of the inside of my mouth tasting like the bottom of a sugar sack.

As a further complication, my cough apparently sounds like smoker's hack, and physicians are asking me to stop smoking. I have the suspicion that the current one thinks I am lying when I tell her that I've never smoked.

Filkers Do It Till Dawn #somethingorother (Groot): Best of luck with Windbourne. Based on what I've already heard of Eric Bogle's works, I am looking forward to more

in the same vein.

ANAKREIN #46 (me): I will have a collage cover for APA-Filk's 48th Mailing, which will be published on Thursday 1 November 1990. It is assembled already, and is appropriate to the season.

Father Ritter has since been removed as director of Covenant House, and replaced by a middle-aged nun. This means that the young run-aways are less likely to be sexually victimized, but with things the way they are I'm not taking any bets.

"There's a hole in the middle of it all..", several people have informed me, is the first line of Frank Hayes's "Cosmos".

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

I have several back issues of APA-Filk available, and will send them for postage costs to anyone who wants them. If you already have a postage account with APA-Filk, the money can come from it. In the list below, the first number is the issue number of the Mailing, and the second is the number of copies of that Mailing which are available as of 30 July 1990.

16 - 4	27 - 1	35 - 14	41 - 10
17 - 2	28 - 2	36 - 11	42 - 9
18 - 7	30 - 5	37 - 17	43 - 17
19 - 2	31 - 9	38 - 18	44 - 18
20 - 5	32 - 15	39 - 17	45 - 19
22 - 1	33 - 14	40 - 10	46 - 29
26 - 1	34 - 16		

APA-Filk, a quarterly amateur press association for filksinging, was founded in 1979 by Robert Bryan Lipton. APA-Filk is collated and distributed on the first days of August, November, February, and May by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302. ANAKREON is my own contribution to APA-Filk, and also goes free to anyone who gets DAGON, my science-fiction/fantasy/comic art fanzine. (I am the author of anything in ANAKREON which is not attributed to anyone else.) Anyone who sends a few dollars for postage and envelopes (25¢) will get APA-Filk as long as the funds hold out. Account balances as of 30 July 1990 are:

Mark Blackman	\$12.06	J. Spencer Love	\$6.97	Glenn Simser	\$3.76
Steve Brinich	\$16.90	Lois Mangan	\$4.54	Beverly Slayton	\$10.49
Harold Groot	\$8.93	Margaret Middleton	\$1.61	Mike Stein	\$5.56
Cecilia Hatlestad	\$3.00	Doreen Miller	\$5.01	Peter Thiesen	\$19.27
Jordin Kare	\$2.35	Pete Seeger	\$3.80	Sol Weber	\$3.89
Cheryl Lloyd	\$8.07	Karen Shaub	52¢		

Mike Agranoff and Roberta Rogow receive complimentary copies of APA-Filk. The postage and packing accounts of Bob Lipton, Jeff Poretsky, and Jane Sibley are combined with those for the s-f amateur press association APA-Q, which is published every fourth Saturday. As of this present 47th Mailing, the balance in your account is given in the space to the right. Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Mistie Joyce	\$6.86	Michael Rubin	-82¢
Greg Baker	-91¢	Leslie Lyons	-49¢	Kathy Sands	-12¢
Gally & Barry				Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Childs-Helton	-74¢	Randall McDougall	-65¢	Nick Simichich	-69¢
Sean Cleary	-38¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
Gerald Collins	-10¢	Deirdre & Jim		Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Rittenhouse	-15¢	Paul Willett	-\$1.23
Bob Fitch	50¢				

A FEW SONS OF HARMONY SENT A PETITION

"MRS. TEASDALE: When the clock on the wall strikes ten,
All you loyal ladies and you patriotic men,
We'll sing the National Anthem when
The clock on the wall strikes ten." - Bert Kalmar and
Harry Ruby, Duck Soup, 1933

Our unsingable National Anthem is in the news again. That 18th-century drinking song*, rebuilt into a tribute to the U. S. flag's endurance during the War of 1812, and made the National Anthem in 1931 by a President Hoover desperate for something that would make him look good, was recently at the center of a controversy. It began when the popular Roseanne Barr, heroine of the top-rated ABC domestic comedy Roseanne, sang it at the beginning of a doubleheader on 25 July 1990 in San Diego. It has become fashionable to open sporting events with the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner", and very often the singers have been chosen more for fame than for a good singing voice. (It could be worse. In the south, athletic events are sometimes opened with prayer.)

"Rosie loves to sing, but she's not a good singer," her husband said afterwards. I can recognize and sympathize with that, as I suffer from the same afflictions. This became evident when she was just a few notes into the song, and the crowd started booing her. As Russell Baker put it in the New York Times a week later, the song's "difficulties might test the powers of Joan Sutherland." The catcalls upset Barr, and she concluded the song with a few rowdy baseball player gestures. Apparently the San Diego Padres were not too upset by Barr's singing, which was the idea of their new owner, Roseanne producer Tom Werner. They went on to sweep a doubleheader from the Cincinnati Reds, who were presumably demoralized by the recent appearance of those Robert Mapplethorpe photographs in a Cincinnati museum.

The next day the furor began. The Padres management called it "undignified", but Barr herself quite rightly refused to apologize. "I am an American," she told a news conference the next day, "and it's my national anthem, too." ABC, on which her show has been a top audience grabber for a couple of years, quite properly said, "We believe and understand that Roseanne meant no disrespect for our National Anthem."

And then President Bush injected himself into the matter. If a chief of state is supposed to aspire to divine qualities, he has at least one - nothing, no matter how trivial, escapes his notice. He called her attempts at the Anthem "disgraceful". This was probably not a word that President Bush should have brought into the discussion. He, after all, is the man who in 1981 praised the dedication of Ferdinand Marcos towards liberty, and in 1988 ran against civil liberties. The man who ordered the unlawful and unwarranted air strike on Panama City last December is in no position to call anyone else's actions "disgraceful". We may marvel that he now has the insolence to attack Iraq for doing to Kuwait this August what he did to Panama last December.

This farce got space in the New York City newspapers right alongside something that normal people would regard as much more serious and worthy of concern. In the past two weeks, four small children, one less than a year old, have been killed by gunfire intended for adult members of their families, and connected with disputes over the illegal drug business. However, on 1 August, a New York Post columnist managed to link up these two stories. Who bears some of the responsibility for the murders of these four infants? Why, it's Roseanne Barr!

I assure you that I am not making this up. The columnist is Ray Kerrison, a fellow Australian who was brought into the paper by former owner Rupert Murdoch; presumably Americans are less willing now to write the sort of things that Murdoch wanted written. Kerrison put it this way:

* - Originally entitled "To Anakreon in Heaven", the song was frequently filked, though Francis Scott Key's version is the best known. About 10 or 12 years ago a few of my friends re-formed it into a drinking song again, entitled "To John Boardman in Brooklyn".

"The prime causes, I believe, are the collapse of family life with the loss of all its values, restraints, and bonds, and modern society's devaluation of life itself...Why do so many people resort to drugs? Why do so many carry guns? Why do so many arguments end in gunfire or stabbings? Why is there such a profound lack of civility in modern life?

"In the past 20 years, we've seen society unravel at an alarming rate...We make superstars of vulgarians like Roseanne Barr and Madonna."

I am not sure how Kerrison would build a chain of causality from Roseanne Barr's less than perfect singing of the National Anthem, to the murders of four children on the other side of the continent a few days later. Presumably several drug dealers, watching her performance on the news on the next day, said: "Hey - they isn't any moral standards any more! That means we can blow away anybody we don't like, and their whole family, too!"

On the same day, also in the Post, Patrick J. Buchanan connected the Barr attempt at the National Anthem with the general moral decay of our society, though he tied it to modern art rather than to killings by drug dealers. Buchanan and Bush are old colleagues from the Reagan White House, when Bush was Vice President and Buchanan was Reagan's principal speech-writer. "The booing at Jack Murphy Stadium," Buchanan concluded, "spoke not only for the president, who found her conduct outrageous, but for the country."

Buchanan spent the rest of his column fuming about modern art, claiming that it has "become the purveyor ((sic)) of a destructive, ugly, pornographic, Marxist, anti-American ideology." He apparently seems out to match the record of the late George Dondero, a Michigan Republican representative who during the 1950s continually bored his colleagues about modern art being a communistic plot.

The people who think that Barr's poor singing voice was all a plot to cast ridicule on the National Anthem have begun a petition campaign to get her show off ABC, or failing that to boycott its sponsors. This is, of course, doomed to failure. If the people who have made "patriotism" a dirty word couldn't do anything about halting the career of Jane Fonda, they are not going to be able to do anything to Roseanne Barr. And ABC knows this, too. Her show of 24 July, the day before she sung in San Diego, led the ratings with a 14.6 and 26% of the audience. A week later, after all the flap, she won her time slot again very handily, with a 13.0 and 22%. (The slight drop was due to competition from a popular CBS miniseries, Murder Ordained.) All these shows were re-runs. By the time the new shows begin in the fall, the entire flap including the stupid show of high moral indignation by President Bush will be forgotten.

The most sensible remarks about the whole controversy were written by Cynthia Kanovy in the New York Times of 1 August:

"Ms. Barr sang the National Anthem at least as well as a group of veterans who got lots of laughs on 'America's Funniest Home Videos' the following Sunday night. The raging furor over Ms. Barr's version is a disturbing example of the strange preference for symbols of liberty over actual liberties."

The flag once stood for freedom of speech and of political expression. Its protection is now being presented as a justification for limiting this freedom. The National Anthem was once an expression of allegiance to a system of political and artistic freedom, but now you better not sing it if your voice is not up to at least glee club standards. If your religion forbids idolatry, you'd better make an exception for pieces of suitably colored cloth, or you'll be in big trouble. The 13th Amendment may forbid slavery, but it doesn't apply if your slavemaster happens to wear peculiarly shaped pieces of metal on his shoulders. The President who is supposed to guard our constitutional guarantees runs for office by promising to suppress them. "If any form of pleasure is exhibited," sang Groucho Marx in Duck Soup, "report to me and it will be prohibited. That is the way that it's going to be - This is the Land of the Freeee!"

WAR-GAMERS' FILKSONGS (continued from p. 3)

win you must safeguard your own and take those of other players - a matter frequently accomplished by violating your treaty obligations. Supply centers mentioned in the following songs include Naples, Venice, and Marseilles; other areas such as Burgundy, Apulia, and the Aegean Sea also figure in the game.

THE MINISTER OF WAR

by Harold Groot, to the tune "I Am the Captain of the Pinafore",
reprinted from Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978

I am the Sultan when I send my moves,
But I'm the Minister of War to you.
I'm exceedingly polite when I don't
want to fight,
And I'm nasty when I do.
I'm never known to quail at bad news
in the mail,
Whatever the emergency.
I always keep my word, no matter what
you've heard
I will never, ever lie to thee.

What, never?

No, never.

What, never?

Well, hardly ever!

I will hardly ever lie to thee, so

Give three cheers and one cheer more

For the Sultan's loyal Minister of War.

Give three cheers and one cheer more,

For the loyal Minister of War!

I always send some moves by return mail,
For I know they can be changed;
Then, next, I send a note to a neighbor
with a boat
For a convoy to be arranged.
In Diplomacy it is good strategy
If allied to me you are.
I'll never make a move of which you
won't approve,
And I'll never have an NMR!
What, never?

No, never!

What, never?

Well, hardly ever!

Hardly every have an NMR, so

Give three cheers and one cheer more

For the Sultan's timely Minister of War.

Give three cheers and one cheer more,

For the timely Minister of War!

IN THE YEAR 1901

by Harold Groot, to the tune "In the Year 2525", reprinted from
Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978

In the year 1901
The war had just begun.
It was a lot of fun
To grab centers....

In the year 1902
My list of allies included you.
You sent a letter where you said
you'd fight,
And our future was looking bright.

In the year 1903
I asked "What is your strategy?"
You told me where to attack and when,
And I committed all my men.

In the year 1904
I was bogged down in a three-front war.
I sent a letter and I asked for aid.

I needed a shield, but I saw your
blade, woe-oh!

In the year 1905
Not all my units could survive.
They started back the way they came,
And you're the one to blame.

In the year 1906
I was really in an awful fix.
My Fleet Aegean had to retreat or die.
I watched my units homeward fly, woe-oh!

Now my army's in retreat,
Plodding home on weary feet.
The gob was in his bunk
When my fleet was sunk

But, though to me you've lied,

Next game we'll be allied,
And for revenge I'll thirst.
Maybe I'll get to backstab first.

In the year 1901
The war had just begun....

YOU'RE SO VAIN

by Harold Groot, to the tune "You're So Vain", reprinted from
Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978

You walked right into Venice
Like you were boarding a champagne flight,
Your fleet strategically placed to give
support, (1)
And spoiling for a fight.
All of your foes dreamed that they'd be
your partner,
They'd be your partner and

CHORUS: You're so vain, you probably think
this song is about you.
You're so vain, you probably think
this song is about you,
Don't you? Don't you?

Well, you had me several years ago,
When I was still quite naive,
When you said we made such a pretty pair,

(1) - Insert here the lines:

He has one eye on Apulia as
You conquered all in sight.

And that you would never leave,
But you turned your back on all your
friends,
And one of them was me.
I had some dreams, they were clouds in
my coffee,
Clouds in my coffee and.

CHORUS:

Well, you sent your troops to Burgundy
And your forces naturally won;
Then you sent your 6th fleet to the
shores of Marseilles,
So they could lay about in the sun.
Now you're where you should be all the
time,
And if you're not, you're with some
underworld spy,
Just to arrange a backstab,
Arrange a backstab and

CHORUS

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE TURKS

by Ronald Foster, to the tune "The Battle Hymn of the Republic",
reprinted from Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the capture of Naples,
We have tramped through the vineyard where the wines of Venice are staples,
We are marching on Rome to end the rule that's papal:
Our armies are moving on!

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

We have even got Apulia!

Turkey's won the game, and it's Austria-Hungary's blame,
Since he NMRed once again!

MY ALLY

by Harold Groot, to the tune "Three Blind Mice", also from this source

My ally,
My ally,
He NMRed,
He NMRed.

I planned so carefully and attacked,
My enemies would surely have cracked,
Instead, my capital has been sacked.
He NMRed.

SAURON'S DWIMMERLAIK

by Scott Rosenberg

Tune: "Johnson's Motor Car", reprinted from GIGO ("Garbage In, Garbage Out") #4, 21 September 1975

Oh, down by Nen Hithoel
One morning I did stray.
I met a fellow Nazgul
And to me he did say,
"We've orders from the Witch King
Towards Orthanc haste to make,
But how are we to get there
Without a Dwimmerlaik?"

"Oh, Rider dear, be of good cheer
I'll tell ye my black plan.
We'll travel through the Marshes
Nether to be stopped by man.
Through Dagorlad we'll hasten
And when with mud we're caked
We'll wish we'd died or had a ride
On Sauron's Dwimmerlaik.

When we approach the Morannon
We'll give the lads a shout,
We'll tell them all to hurry,
And what it's all about.
We'll send Lugburz a message:
"Prepare, for Morgoth's sake,
A steed for us to ride on -
Like one o' your Dwimmerlaik."

And once we've got our flier
We'll make haste to Orthanc.
And when that Sharkey's done with,
Our masters we will thank.
Over the fields of Gondor
A little ride we'll take,
And we'll give those there a bloody bad
scare
On Sauron's Dwimmerlaik.

This originally Irish tune far antedates the motor car, and I suspect that it originally may have referred to a horse-drawn vehicle. As for the words, Rosenberg is uncertain as to whether the word dwimmerlaik, which appears only once in Lord of the Rings, refers to the Lord of the Nazgul or to the flying monster on which he was mounted at the Battle of the Pelennor Fields. Rosenberg thinks it belongs to the monstrous steed, to which Tolkien's description gives us the impression of a huge pterodactyl. He supports this by quoting Eowyn, who warns the steed and rider away from the newly slain body of her royal uncle with the words: "Begone, foul dwimmerlaik, lord of carrion! Leave the dead in peace!" A "lord of carrion", he feels, is more likely to be a beast. However, though you can sing this song from that interpretation, I would go along with the other interpretation. "Dwimmerlaik" is one of those words, like "dwarrowdelf" and "holbytla", which Tolkien devised on the assumption that a word had remained in English, rather than being deleted in favor of a French import. (Compare the perfectly good old English word "bantling", which as a consequence of the Norman Conquest was replaced by "bastard".) "Laik" is the now obsolete English word "lych", which is cognate with the German Leich and like it means "corpse". "Dwimmer" is what modern English would have made of the Old High German word demar, "darkness", cognate with modern English "dim" and German Dämmer, "twilight". (If the German translator of Lord of the Rings was as well up on philology as Tolkien himself was, this word should have been rendered as Dämmerleich.)

It must be recalled that J. R. R. Tolkien, CBE, was first and foremost a philologist. The languages of Lord of the Rings came first in his mind, and then the peoples to speak them, and then a history for these peoples to explain changes in the languages, and then the engraftment of elements from old Norse and German myth, including a fateful Ring.

Still, the Nazguls' mounts are described by Tolkien as beasts which even then belonged in a distant and savage past. If their riders are dead men animated by Sauron's magic to serve his will, their mounts could be regarded as dead beasts, similarly reanimated. The word "dwimmerlaik" could then be applicable to steed and rider alike, thus making Rosenberg's point.

CASEY STEINBRENNER

by Howard G. Goldberg

The recent removal of George Steinbrenner as "general partner" of the New York Yankees left baseball fans in general, and the dwindling number of Yankee fans in particular, with feelings of relief. The harsh penalty dictated under the great powers of the Commissioner's office was probably due as much to Steinbrenner's general obnoxiousness over the years as it was to the specific action for which Steinbrenner was canned - his gift of \$40,000 to a well-known gambler. As senior editor of the New York Times "Op-Ed" page, Goldberg gets to do with it as he pleases, and on 1 August 1990 he pleased to write this:

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Yankee nine that day:
They were anchored in last place, with less than half the season to play.
As their errors, losses, throwaways grew far to numerous to name,
A menacing silence fell upon the veteran patrons of the game.

A few, amid deep despair, turned to the New York Mets. The rest
Clung to the hope that springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought, if only George would go, after 17½ long years,
They'd bet even money that there'd be no need for further tears.

Eighteen times managers came and went; 13 times general managers, too;
Lemon, Berra, Dent, Green, Piniella - so what else is now?
Ruth-less feuds with Reggie, with Dave, so endless and so mean,
Couldn't help but demoralize the formerly Mantled team.

"Fraud!" the upper deck cried out; the box seats echoed, "Fraud!"
But the usual scornful look from George - and all the fans were awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they sensed that Billy Martin was destined to be fired - again.

Then one day as gambler Howard Spira crouched behind the plate
Steinbrenner uncorked a \$40,000 pitch - one that sealed his fate.
What's fair is fair, the rules say, but what's foul is also foul:
When you throw an underhanded spitter, you better throw in the towel.

The sneer's gone from George's lips, his teeth are clenched in stress.
Now's the bottom of the ninth at Fay Vincent's Park Avenue address.
Now the Commissioner's made his ruling, now he lets it go,
And now the air is splintered by the force of its legal blow.

Oh, everywhere in the Big Apple the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing for diehard fans, and many hearts are light.
In sports bars they are laughing, and the Little Leaguers shout.
Joy reigns especially in the Bronx - mighty George has been thrown out.

It is fairly obvious that Goldberg was not made senior editor for his poetic abilities. And he may not be all that good a prophet, either. George Steinbrenner will indeed turn over management of the Yankees - to his son Hank. Technically, ol' George's role will be less "general" and more "partner", but he is still trying to ease his way around Commissioner Vincent's decision. Numerous sequels by lesser hands to "Casey at the Bat" have the Mighty Casey getting his revenge in a subsequent game, and by the next issue of ANAKREON we may have to report a similar sequel about George Steinbrenner.

GRACELESS NOTES

I should like once again to caution contributors to APA-Filk that contributions should be sent in uncollated. It is easier to collate a Mailing if we don't have to work through a large lump of already collated material. And if you print out your contribution on a computer printer, detach the pages from one another before sending them.

The copy count for APA-Filk remains 60. If you send copies beyond that number, they will be returned to you unless you request otherwise.

*

The next Mailing of APA-Filk, #48, has its deadline on Thursday 1 November 1990. (Don't count on it's being assembled the following Saturday, either; my teaching schedule this fall may allow it to be put together on the deadline date.) That will be the issue of ANAKREON which will include the year's collection of newly written or newly discovered verses that the Neo-Pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion". I have recently discovered some verses that were sent in to me years ago and lost sight of, and any more that you can come up with by then will be appreciated.

So far, ANAKREON has published 640 verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion", though I am told that some are near-duplicates of others. We are thus approaching the allegedly mysterious number "666", though I am not as impressed by this fact as some ANAKREON readers are. The allegedly Satanic connections of "666" come from the Christian scriptures and are the Christians' problem, not the Neo-Pagans' or mine.

ANAKREON #6 was the first issue in which verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion" were collected; there were supplements of widely varying size and quality in #8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 32, 36, 40, and 44. ANAKREON #6 is now unavailable, but all the supplements are available for postage money - just charge it to your APA-Filk or APA-Q account if you have one.

*

The cover of this Mailing of APA-Filk has the text of a song which was very much a part of the events commemorated on 12 July - the 300th anniversary of the defeat by British forces of the Irish auxiliaries who were then assisting a French attempt to conquer Ireland in the name of suppressing the reformed faith and restoring a fugitive Catholic king, James II. The Battle of the Boyne and subsequent battles put an end to this dream, and to the hopes of restoring the worthless Stuart dynasty to the British throne.

The refrain: "Lilliburlero, bullen a-la" dates to an event still very much in everyone's mind in 1690. In 1641 Catholic Ulstermen had committed a merciless massacre upon their Protestant neighbors; a story had it at the time that one overly fat Protestant had been rendered into scap. Cromwell's invasion of Ireland was partly for the purpose of punishing the fomentors of this massacre. And the watchword of the killers is said to have been: "Lilliberlero bullen a-la." A Dr. Charles Mackay, cited in the Dolores Bacon book I have already mentioned on p. 4, claims that it is really "Li! Lil! Beur! Lear-a! Buille na la!", meaning "Light! Light on the sea beyond the promontory! 'Tis the stroke of the morning!"

Fears of a repetition of this massacre were in everyone's mind in 1690, and this song was the result. It represents two Catholic Irishmen, repeating the watchword of 1641, and rejoicing that the Protestants were about to be slaughtered again. The dialect is the stage Irish accent of the day, with "d" for "th" and "sh" for "s". The song's particular villain is Richard Talbot, made Lord Tyrconnel by James II, and given the rule of Ireland with instructions to enforce his master's anti-Protestant policies. "Ireland shall be ruled by...a dog" refers to the ancient hound badge of the Talbots. Talbot undertook his task with so many deceptions that any particularly obvious lie was called "one of Dick Talbot's truths". "Tyburn" refers to the famous London location of public executions, usually by hanging. A "Protestant wind" is one which blows from east to west, bringing troops from England to Ireland; note that, as in many old hymns, "wind" is made to rhyme with "behind". "Commissions" could refer to commissions as military officers or as Justices of the Peace, which had hitherto been forbidden to Catholics, but which King James was going to hand out to his suppor-

ters for the execution of his plans.

In British slang, "bog" can mean a swamp, but it can also mean a privy. If this usage goes as far back as 1690, it adds a double meaning to "There was an old prophesy found in a bog." As for the references to France, it was not only the source of the men, munitions, and money which were designed to restore King James to the throne, but just five years earlier France had driven out all its Protestants. The line therefore quickly became "Dat dey will have no protestants dere." Similarly, Talbot was soon further demoted, from "dog" to "hog".

The song had an instant popularity among all the Protestants of all the British kingdoms. It was said that, before his flight, the very guards in front of King James's palace were in the habit of whistling it. Henry Purcell, whose name is usually associated with more formal, classical compositions, is supposed to have remarked that he "sang a king out of three kingdoms with it".

The song retained its popularity for many years, and is of course still sung by the unworthy heirs of Ulster's Protestants. It was filked for numerous purposes, and may be found in John Gay's The Beggar's Opera. As late as 1861, a satirical song against Jefferson Davis and the secessionists was sung to this tune.

Much to my pleased surprise, there were no outbreaks in Ulster on the 300th anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. If our luck is in, the ancient antagonism displayed in both the writing and the singing of "Lilliberlero" may at least be dying down.

*

Several previous issues of ANAKREON have taken up the controversy that developed during the 1980s in Maryland over its state song, "Maryland, My Maryland". This song was written in 1861 by a Marylander then teaching in Louisiana, who was heart and soul with the pro-slavery traitors, and who felt high moral indignation over the fact that President Lincoln actually dared to march federal troops through Baltimore on the way to protect the national capital and suppress the rebellion. Furthermore, when these troops (who were from New York and Massachusetts) were attacked by pro-slavery mobs in Baltimore, they actually dared to fire back! This was the last straw for James Ryder Randall, who to the music of the old German folk tune Tannenbaum dashed off nine verses of rebel vitriol, the first of which is printed to the right.

But Maryland schoolteachers were having a little trouble explaining to the schoolchildren of the 1980s that the "despot" assailed by Randall was actually President Abraham Lincoln, the most revered man in our nation's history. And so, in 1984, one of these teachers rewrote the state song without such macabre words.

This did not meet the approval of another of Maryland's "exiled sons", a Charles C. Rettberg Jr. in Shaker Heights, Ohio. In a letter to the New York Times (26 March 1984) this Rettberg expressed his "indignation (at)...legislative efforts to supplant the state's hallowed song with a schoolteacher's puerile pap." Rettberg then set off on a long indictment of President Lincoln, beginning with the fact that he suspended habeas corpus, which under the Constitution he was fully entitled to do in the case of rebellion. "Any one of these acts," he fulminated, "if committed today by Ronald Reagan, would lead to a drumhead media trial followed by demands for impeachment", a matter on which I would like the opinions of the people of Grenada, Lebanon, and Libya.

I am not aware of the present state of Maryland's state song, though not replacing Randall's words is equivalent to teaching that rebellion and slavery are positive goods. But I have five grandchildren growing up in Maryland, and I am not anxious to have them taught that Abraham Lincoln was a despot and that rebellion in the cause of slavery was a good, proper, and even in our time defensible thing.

Or perhaps Rettberg might want to translate Randall's words into Spanish, and send the song to Panama.

*

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland!

I seem to have misprinted Scott Rosenberg's name, on one though not all of the pages on which it has already been printed. More to the point, I would appreciate it if people in the know could give me the addresses of a number of those whose works appear in this issue, so I can send them copies. This may in some cases be difficult to establish, since some of the songs reprinted in this issue of ANAKREON were first published in amateur 'zines during the 1970s.

*

Believe it or not, rock artists are actually having to testify in court about those silly "backward masking" rumors. As far as I am aware, these began about 18 or 20 years ago in the notorious "Paul McCartney Death Hoax". According to this rumor, which had the same currency in its day that the "Elvis Lives" hoax does now, asserts that Paul McCartney died and that the other Beatles got a substitute, but recorded backwards on one of their records the words "I buried Paul."

Now let's back up and take a close look at all this. There are record players that will play records backwards, but they are very rare, and usually owned by the really enthusiastic collectors of old records, since some early records were made so that the needle started towards the center and worked its way outward as the record played. Do you know anyone who has a record player that will play records backwards? I thought not. Nor do most of the teen-agers at whom, according to these same rumors, the sinister backwards Satanic messages on the records are aimed.

Well, what about tapes? Tape players were quite rare when these "Paul McCartney Death Hoax" stories started to circulate. And how would you go about playing these alleged Satanic messages backwards on a tape player, anyhow? Tape players will play backwards only at very high speeds - who would want them to do this at low speeds? And everything comes through as a high-pitched gabble under those conditions.

Nevertheless, there is actually a court case in progress in Nevada, which presumably does not have laws against barratry. The rock band Judas Priest is being sued by the families of two young men who consummated a suicide pact that, it is actually being claimed, was set in motion by "subliminal messages" in Judas Priest's album Stained Class. Ron Halford, lead singer of Judas Priest, actually had to go to Nevada to testify. He had admittedly, as an experiment, recorded one line "backwards" and played it simultaneously with the same words recorded forward." (New York Times, 1 August 1990) The line was, "In the dead of the night, love bites" - ,scarcely an invitation to suicide. This is the only time this has ever been done by Judas Priest in all their 14 records. The alleged "do it" sounds, which the youths' families claim impelled their sons to kill themselves, are actually just "an exhalation of breath and a combination of drums, guitars and vocals."

This whole mess comes clear when you realize that the people promoting this myth about "backward masking" also believe that virgins can have children, that dead men can come back to life, and that humans are no kin to other animals.

ANAKREON #47

John Boardman
234 East 19th Street
Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302

F I R S T C L A S S M A I L

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been taken in vain on
page _____.

SINGSPIEL

47th Stanza, APA-Filk #47 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / member fwa / July 12;30-31, 1990

Hard as it may be to believe, there was filksinging at **Corflu**, a fanzine fan convention, the most recent of which was held in Manhattan the first weekend of May - the concom singing "Corflu in New York" (more like "Corflu'n New York") to the tune of "Comedy Tonight". After it runs in the post-con report/zine (which, Moshe Feder assures will be out Real Soon Now), we may reprint it here.

Alas, I didn't get to filking at **Disclave**; I spent too much of the con ill.

And other commitments that weekend ruled out **ConCerto**. (I expect Mike Stein will have a report on it thish.)

On his most recent show, Mark Russell offered re Washington Mayor Marion Barry (on trial for drug use and perjury), "Proud Barry" (tune of "Proud Mary"), with the chorus "Goin', goin', goin' up the ri-iver".

& ----- **THE MELODY LINGERS** : Comments on APA-Filk #46 ----- &

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Discworld> I recall an earlier filk, "Stringworld", from a fannish musical which linked the elements of Ringworld & THE WIZARD OF OZ (Teela as Dorothy; presumably the puppeteer, rather than the kzin, was the Cowardly Lion). // And speaking of whom, Avram Grumer, co-author of "Drexel's Profiteers", wants to do "Pierson's Puppeteers". "Don't you know any other tunes?" I asked. (I think that one's getting overused.) # The last time the stock market operated without being monitored was, of course, under Hoover. In view of events in Eastern Europe, perhaps it's not too early to translate "Drexel's Profiteers" into Hungarian. // ct Rogow> I gathered that Futurespeak was, rather, sf/fan terms/slang. // Re "Modern Physics Theorist", I thought the surefire way to get grants is to say it's defense-related. // Formidable! Un chanson scientifique et satirique en français! ("Filk" would set off alarms at L'Académie Française.) // Leo Rosten derives farblondjet from a Slavic word meaning "wander or roam", but I suspect it's really a hybrid, with the far- indeed deriving from German ver-. I'm unfamiliar with alverruck, but ruck is German for "jerk". // I suspect Sally's song owed something to the sf classic "The Marching Morons". // Perhaps Bay Ridge Methodists are more influenced by being New Yorkers than by being Methodists. // Re "lemon socialism" & govt bail-outs, as I've said (and as "anarcho-capitalists" don't understand), US business doesn't want a free market, it wants a free ride. // Unfortunately, the failure of the Hubble-scope mirrors makes "There's a Hole in the Bucket" even more apt. // The latest artistic freedom/censorship storm is around a group called 2 Live Crew.

OBSERVATIONS FROM A RECENT FILK VIRGIN/Mike Agranoff: Welcome! Yes, all those connections do sorta make your involvement here seem inevitable. // Coincidentally, Prairie Home Companion recently reran the show with Keillor's filk "My Grandmother's Cat (got too big for the shelf)".

SINGSPIEL #46: Will "The Star-Spangled Banner" survive Roseanne Barr's rendition? (Attacking her for it is this year's version of being anti-flag-burning.)

DC AL FINE/Mike Stein: Thanks for the report on Con2bile. (What's the story behind that name?) I'm not sure I'd consider us "ahead" of them, when you consider US filk feuds; and I kinda like the old style of filking. I didn't get to the filking at ConSpiracy (I wonder if anyone sang "God Save the Queen" at midnight?), but chatted with some Britfans about the BBC's airplay ban on songs that mention brand names (like Coca-Cola); and with Filthy Pierre found out that "aluminium" doesn't quite scan in Lehrer's "Elements" (let alone what the English do to "discavard"). # Btw, Folly Neuhaus is a smoker. # Maybe some of the Brits might be interested in APA-Filk? // Glad you survived Consonance. // ct Boardman> Good elaboration. Unfortunately, "self-defense" or "someone shoots at us first" have been used to apply to every US war - not just Pearl Harbor, but hoax attacks like Tonkin Gulf and the sinking of the Maine, and imaginary threats like Grenada and Libya. I would guess your criteria are not that loose. // Isn't "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" also a piece by Maya Angelou?

FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN/Harold Groot: Glad Windbourne is busy. Peace sounds worthwhile, if a little unfocused. Not all of those issues blend.

All for now. I won't be at Worldcon or NASFiC. *mlb*

JERSEY FLATS # 2? (I've lost track).....August, 1990
Roberta Rogow, ed: P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn NJ 07410

Ooops...I missed another deadline. The only excuse is that I really was busy writing "Futurespeak: the Language of Science Fiction". I have been through two revisions, and the manuscript now rests at Paragon House, waiting the Editor's blue pencil. She has two other items to take care of...one is "The Encyclopedia of Pain". After that, she should be delighted to deal with the nuttinesses of Science Fiction.

CONVENTIONS:

I've been writing, not Conning, so my schedule has been confined to things like Creation Cons, and not many of them. LunaCon was fun, but I didn't get to do all that much filking. My costume this year requires a LOT of make-up...I'm "Grepts, the Klingon Goddess of Food, Protector of the Family". The outfit is a collection of "found items", like a jeweled pillbox hat with braids pinned inside it, gold brocade shoes, and a gold-and-black drape. Over the drape is a one-armed knitted tunic, trimmed with gold sequins. The effect is both gorgeous and funny, and it usually gets a big laugh. At the BASH it also got the "Most Original" award. I have a "Consort" with me as part of the costume..."Plotz, the Klingon God of Wine". Lisa Rogers did it at LunaCon and BaltiCon, and Winston Howlett did it at MediaWest Con.

It's a grand costume, but because it's off one shoulder I can't wear a bra with it, and because it tends to slide, I have to slather on a LOT of body-paint, especially in winter. In summer there is less of a problem...my left arm is brown from hanging out the window while I drive to work, and that's the one the costume reveals.

It takes about an hour to get the Klingon make-up on (NOT the "turtle-head", I can't stand the smell of the spirit gum) and a full shower to get it off...by which time, it's usually too late for me to stay up. I did get to filking at MediaWest Con...at 1 AM!

And then there's ConCerto.....*sigh*. The first Filk-Con on the East Coast, and I have to work that Saturday. No way out of it, either, since I'd pulled all kinds of strings to get to LunaCon and BaltiCon. I missed all of Friday, and Saturday's panels. I belted down the highway...and wound up at the wrong hotel! What's worse, I didn't have my Fannish Fone Book with me...I'd put the wrong one in my handbag. What to do? I called everyone whose name WAS in the book, and got hold of someone who had the flyer for the Con...and got to the right hotel at 8 PM. (It was twilight, and my lights were on...only I was so fertootst that I forgot to turn them off!)

I got into the Saturday Night concert...which was a dilly! I got to hear a lot of great filking...Jean Stevenson, for one, and Linda Melnick's new group for another...and the concert ended around 1 AM with "The Fannish Orchestra", and an a capella version of "Halleluja Chorus"!

Sunday morning was devoted to business..."Filkindex, the Revised Edition". I went over things with Carol Kabakjian, who is doing all the REAL work...all I'm doing is giving her instructions as to format, passing extra 'zines to her, and writing the Introduction. Carol has been entering stuff on HER computer and giving it instructions. She also talked Jane Sibley into doing the cover and interior illos.

So this really is going to segue into a promo for "Filkindex, Revised Edition", in hopes that it will update, revise, and correct some of the errors that crept into the "Filkindex" Original. With any luck (and a new drum for the Infernal Machine), it should be ready by Con Diego.

Shore Leave didn't have informal filking...Greg and I got a chance to do some of the Moldy Oldies, and I got to sing my "Domesticate Alien" and "Newcomer" songs. And now it's off to New York for another Creation Con.

HEALTH NOTES

We just got the letter from Deborah Hospital telling us that the X-Rays are being scrutinized. Murray should be going in for surgery (valve replacement) in about two weeks. He's lost nearly 50 pounds, mostly through Overeaters anonymous, and mentally he's geared for it. Now it's in the hands of surgeons...and Those In Power Above.

MEDIA NOTES

Of the three SF shows on TV..."Quantum Leap" has been blitzing the public with reruns, trying to pick up an audience. The latest scoop is that the producers are fighting with the Network Nerds, who have decided to schedule "QL" at 8 PM and make it a kind of "Back to the Future"! GHAAAAH! "Star Trek: New Generation" is really getting INTERESTING! That cliffhanger has tied STrekfans up in knots for three months.

And speaking of cliffhangers...A POX on Fox! To leave "Alien Nation" at a critical moment, and then CANCEL! (Yes, that was my letter in TV Guide.) I haven't been so involved since Star Trek, and I wasn't involved in that at all. Latest word is that there's a two-hour movie in the works that will tie up all the loose ends, and resolve the cliffhanger. None of the actors are taking any long-term jobs...not as long as they haven't melted down the heads.

So the situation is still unresolved...and the fans are screaming!

However...there is always Fandom. "Alien Nation" is spawning fanzines from some VERY odd places...Jean Lorrah and Jaqueline Lichtenberg have each written an AN novel, and there may yet be licensing. And there is some agitation about a recording of the "Tenctonese" music from the show.

"Quantum Leap" is also spawning fanzines...One of the best is "Quantum Beast", which crosses QL and B&B. QL tends to cross-universes...some of them VERY cross indeed!

FORTHCOMING PROJECTS

In addition to the aforementioned "Futurespeak" and "Filkindex", I've got a few items simmering.

1. "Den of Thieves"- A ST:NG novel, in which Captain Picard manages to break every one of the Personal Rules of Conduct by which he lives.
2. "Personal Touch"- An "Alien Nation" novel, in which Matt Sykes and George Francisco solve the murder of an old Tenctonese with a dark past.
3. "Grand Tour"- A SF novel, in which two rival theatrical companies conduct a REAL Space Opera!
4. "One Hand Clapping"-a possible SF/detective story that is still coalescing in my mind.

Of all of these, only the first is anywhere near completion. However, I will contact a prospective agent, and see what happens. More information will be forthcoming, when and if....

My Con Schedule for late summer/ early fall: I've got Con Diego...which is shaping up to be almost as disorganized as "the Mess they call the WorldCon in New Orleans". I'm planning to arrive in San Diego on Wednesday, August 28...Sightsee on Wednesday, schlepp stuff to the Convention Hall and set up the table for the Rondeaus on Thursday and Friday, and wait for them to show up on Saturday. And to think that I wasn't going to bother running a table! HAH!

After the Con, I go on to San Francisco, where my daughter Miriam is finally going to make it Legal....yes, Miriam's getting married. He's a really sweet guy, a nurse who specializes in AIDS cases...you have to be a SAINT to deal with that. Miriam has found herself in the position of orgainzing a wedding around such problems as food (one set of guests is strict vegetarian, one set is strict Kosher, and I can't handle too much garlic or onions) and religion (as a compromise, the marriage will be blessed by Matt's Zen

4

Buddhist guru). Once that's out of the way, Murray and I will be able to do some sightseeing....assuming that he's out of the hospital and recovering. (In a way, buying the airline tickets was a kind of insurance...if I spend the money on the tickets, he'll be there to use them!)

A full description of the Wedding of the Year will be included in the next Jersey Flats....

Until then...Keep Trekkin'...Look before you Leap....

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Roberta", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

SING, WHO ME? #1

For APA-FILK

BY: Deb Wunder

89-06 102nd Street - Top, Richmond Hill, NY 11418
Member fwa.

ConCerto REPORT

This is a reprint of the convention report that was run in APA-69 Classic, June 1990, and APA-NYU #182, July 1990. Imagine me and several hundred of my best friends (including some fen I actually know) sitting around filking all weekend. WHAT JOY! WHAT FUN! WHAT A BOON FOR THE ASPIRIN COMPANIES!!!!

Kidding aside, ConCerto was, for me, one of the best cons I've been to. I went to the con, at the Cherry Hill, New Jersey Holiday Inn, with Marc Glasser and I Abra Cinii, two of my best friends, and damn good filkers. Of course I was delighted to find that they and Greg Baker found a way to have me sing with them (my key being the traditional fannish key of "Off"). So I got to sing on stage and get applauded (for a change). I taped the alleged rehearsal, the concerts given by Abby and Marc, by Greg Baker, and by The Virtual Orchestra (which consisted of I Abra Cinii, Greg Baker, Marc Glasser, Glenn Arthur, Mike Stein, and me). Then, being pretty daring (or foolish), we signed up for the Theme One-Shot Filk as "The APA-NYU Filk Team," playing off 'NYU's recent win at CORFLU. Time constrictions intervened (Murphy will be appeased, one way or another), so we ended up going on first, with a two-minute introduction for a fifteen-second song. Our theme, by the way, was "What I'd Say to my Favorite Author".

One of the nice things that happened was that, on Saturday night, I owed Marc a dinner. We went to the local Red Lobster, which was so mobbed that they said there'd be a half-hour wait for a table for two. Since neither Marc nor I particularly likes queueing up for food, this went over about as well as you'd expect. Fortunately, I remembered a restaurant in another hotel, the Hyatt, which was about a mile down the road from the con. I could not, for the life of me, remember the name, however. Anyway, we went to the Hyatt, found the restaurant, and it was as good as I had remembered it. The restaurant's name is Ginsberg and Wong's, and what I remembered most about it was that the food was fresh, the help actually was, and that five years ago -- when I still believed in diets -- they found a way to help me enjoy my dinner, and even have dessert.

ConCerto also brought up some relationship stuff. Some of the points Marc and I have been discussing lately were brought home to me in various ways over the weekend, and that I could see them pretty much by myself (although Marc did clarify some things for me) made me feel a bit more confident.

One thing I got to look at was my own shyness in mob scenes (yes, I know people who know me will say "You? Shy? Where?"), and the fact that I usually am with another person at cons is partly due to my not knowing masses of people attending yet. After all, NYUSFS is a medium-sized group, but not all of NYUSFS is at every con I attend, and (like most people) I tend to hang out with people I know. Which means that if you see me at a con, please make yourself known to me. I might be too scared to walk up to you and say hi, but that doesn't mean I don't want to meet you.

Onwards! There have been lots of fannish gatherings over the past month, which have kept me far too busy to worry about my own problems, which is all to the good. I am indebted to all of the fen who have invited me places or otherwise kept me occupied during this period.

I have found a very special series of books has been released. It is the series Meeting of Minds, by Steve Allen, and each volume (there are four) contains the scripts for one season's worth of shows. In case you are not aware of the shows, the format was a round-table discussion between historic personages on matters as diverse as philosophy, history, major world issues, and even personal matters. The "panelists" on the first two shows were "President Theodore Roosevelt", "Queen Cleopatra", "Thomas Paine", and "Father Aquinas". These shows were fascinating to watch when I was younger, and the scripts are equally absorbing now. I highly recommend these books to all and sundry.

That's all I have to say for now, so keep filking folks,

DeB

composed by Mike Stein, P. O. Box 10420, Arlington, VA 22210 (703)241-2927
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This year for the first time I made it to Balticon, held over Easter weekend. I finally found a marginally acceptable filk on the East Coast. Of course, it took a con with 2500-3000 people to do it, and I've seen better at midwestern cons drawing less than half that number. Duane Elms and Catherine Cook MacDonald were there, as were Roberta Rogow and SCA bard Aed of Avigdor.

On the 23rd of April, after ten days with a sore throat, I visited the doctor for the third time in two months. Although he said he wouldn't have taken a culture, the nurse did, and it turned up strep. After a few days on penicillin, ibuprofen, and Rynatan (something for post-nasal drip), I finally started feeling better. That same afternoon I learned that a friend died of AIDS. I went to his memorial service five days later. It was very well attended; I estimate over 120 people. Many were current and former students of his (he taught at St. Alban's, an Episcopalian private school).

On the Wednesday the 4th of May, I left Dulles airport for Chicago at 7AM, and returned at 7PM for a short visit to demonstrate the progress we had made on a project and get further information on how to proceed. I went back for three days on May 16th, intending to go to Columbus for Marcon Friday night. Oddly enough, had I returned to DC on Friday, the ticket cost \$606, but by jumping over to Columbus and coming back to DC on Sunday, the cost dropped to \$402.50 - the magic Saturday night stayover.

I took my suitcase and guitar to the curbside checkstand at National Airport, told the skycap I was going to Chicago, and headed for my American Airlines flight. The trip was uneventful, and I came down to the baggage claim area at O'Hare to get my things before heading to the client's offices. After half an hour of watching the carousel go 'round and 'round, I began to get the idea that my luggage was not going to come out. I went over to the service desk and handed the woman my claim tickets. She pointed out to me that the skycap had ignored both my verbal instructions and the dates printed on the ticket and checked everything through to Columbus on AA flight 688. Since I was taking United flight 688 to Columbus - AA 688 flies around the Caribbean - she thought the bags would not have left DC. After filling out the forms, I left my work and hotel info, and caught a cab for the office.

Late afternoon rolled around, and I still had no word on my bags. I called the 800 number they had given me, and was informed that they still had no idea where my bags were, much less when they would be arriving. They were able to tell me where they weren't - they weren't in DC, they hadn't continued on to Reno with my original flight, and they weren't with the American Airlines agent in Columbus. Apparently their efforts at baggage tracing consist of calling people they think might have them. This does not strike me as a modern, efficient system. At 5:30 I borrowed the client's Mac portable so I could continue work back in my room - Des Plaines, Illinois is not a hot night spot - and headed to my hotel to check in (it was only two blocks away).

After dinner, when there was still no word, I was beginning to get a bit peeved. Fortunately Holiday Inn provides free toiletries to guests who need them, so at least I was able to shave. But I didn't appreciate having to wear the same clothes two days in a row. When Thursday noon rolled around, I called the 800 number, intending to let them know what I thought of their system if they didn't yet have my luggage located.

Good news! The bags had stayed overnight with United in Columbus (couldn't they have thought of that last night?) and would be arriving in Chicago around 2PM. With that worry out of my mind (or so I thought), I set to work once more.

There was one small problem with that, as well. Despite the fact that he knew I was coming, their system manager chose the 16th to do an upgrade to the operating system. When I left Friday afternoon, he still hadn't fixed the last glitches keeping me from communicating across the network. While I got a lot of useful programming done, and at least got the networking software installed on the Mac, I didn't even get to try running the system the way it was supposed to work, taking its data from the host.

Back at my hotel Thursday night, the message light was blinking. I called the front desk and was informed that American Airlines had called around 2PM, and would be delivering the luggage. Would be? No, it wasn't here yet. Grumble.

I was sitting in my room relaxing for a bit before dinner when I heard a key in the lock. Aha! Must be the bell captain with my luggage! I opened the door, and sure enough there was the bell captain, and sure enough, he had a cart full of luggage. Unfortunately, it belonged to the woman beside him, who was trying to check into my room?!? "Mr. Stein, we show that you checked out. I think we'd better go back to the desk."

So down we all trooped. The woman at the desk pulled up my records and explained to me that indeed I had been reported to have checked out by housekeeping. Why? Because there was no luggage in my room! (I had wondered why all the free toiletries were missing from the bathroom.)

Sigh. They got another room for the poor woman, and I told the desk to make sure to notify me the moment my luggage arrived. I said I was heading for the restaurant for dinner, and would then go up to my room.

Twenty minutes later, one of the desk staff came up to me at my table and said, "Mr Stein? Apparently your luggage did arrive, but we thought you had left, and they took it back. But don't worry, I've called them and they say they'll bring it back in about an hour."

By 10PM, however, there was still no sign of my bags. I went down to the desk, where the same man who had come to me in the restaurant picked up the phone to call information to get the number again for American Airlines baggage service in Chicago. Information, which had successfully produced the number on two previous occasions, developed a case of amnesia. Since the courtesy van was just outside the door, I decided to take a little ride down to the airport to try to shake things up a bit. (Unfortunately, I had left my hand grenades in the pocket of my other coat.)

We had just pulled up to the terminal when the radio crackled in the van. The luggage had just arrived at the hotel. I rode back to the hotel along with the late-night airport pickups for the Holiday Inn, and was at long last reunited with my guitar and suitcase.

Friday night I boarded the aforementioned United flight 688 for Columbus. I boarded the plane and waited for departure time, which came and went. The intercom came to life. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are currently waiting for a

maintenance determination as to whether we can go or not." The stewardess standing in the aisle offered the further explanation that preflight inspection had revealed a window that was scratched or cracked - they weren't sure which. This reminded me uncomfortably of my trip to Wiscon three years ago, when mechanical problems in both directions delayed me by a total of 21 hours. (I still don't fly Northwest.) Happily, this time they decided it was only a scratch. (We still fastened our seat belts extra-tight.)

The plane arrived in Columbus only about twenty minutes late, and this time my baggage made it with me. I took the airport shuttle van to the hotel and arrived at the desk just behind John Filpus and Mike Grimm, two members of Mishap, my other APA. I checked into the room I was sharing with yet another Mishapper who had only arrived a few minutes earlier.

The Hyatt Regency at the Ohio Center was a real step up from the Radisson of the previous few years, except in the elevator department. There were only four, and they shut three of them down at 2:30AM for cleaning. (Someone will have to explain to them about science fiction conventions.) Furthermore, the hotel elevators could be taken to the second floor - which was the level of most con activities in the adjoining Ohio Center - but not called to it; one had to take the stairs, escalator, or Ohio Center elevator down to the first floor and call the elevators from the hotel lobby.

The con felt bigger than I had remembered it. Someone told me that they were pushing to beef it up in preparation for the 1992 Columbus discovery quincentennial celebration. The art show was quite large, with a number of nice pieces. Linda Michaels, my favorite fan artist, had three beautiful works; I got one of them. Had the other two not had bids on them at 10PM Saturday, I would have picked them up as well, but with three bids going to auction, I didn't feel comfortable "poaching" by entering the second bid one minute before the art show close. (I would have been willing to do it with a few hours left, to give the first bidders a chance to defend their bids.) Although I did not learn of it until after I had left, that night Elizabeth Pearse died of a heart attack. She was a Canadian spacescape artist who ran many art shows, including Marcon's and the one at Nolacon.

I continued in my capacity, first used at Confusion, as the pinch filker. Barry Childs-Helton was laid up with a staph infection in his leg, and Sally stayed home to take care of him. Mark Wise asked me if I'd take his half hour concert slot. I said I'd take fifteen minutes of it, since I hadn't had my guitar in Chicago to practice, and suggested that Heather Rose Jones might take the other half (she did). I nominated Heather for best songwriter on the OVFF awards first ballot, but she didn't make it onto the final. Sadly, I think she gets too little credit for her writing skills because she has a mediocre voice. At the one-shots, I gave the first performance unimpaired by disease of *You're the First*, printed below. Folly Neuhaus arrived late in the afternoon and was rushed in to participate in the one-shots. In the small world department, I found out that she had ditched the ex of yet another Mishapper, and taken up with a man named Pat Smith, more familiar to me as Sir Brusten de Bearsul from the SCA group in East Lansing.

Saturday night I got in a little table-stakes poker, and continued my winning ways if not on the same scale as at Confusion. The game was small and only lasted a few hours between dinner and the parties, but I picked up \$22. Alan Greenberg made an offer to share a hotel room in Holland, which I have since accepted. I stopped in briefly at a couple of parties, and then headed

down to the filking. There were at least fifteen performers, including Heather, Folly, Robin Nakkula, Murray Porath, Lee Billings, Bill and Carol Roper, Naomi Pardue, Juanita Coulson, and Renee Alper. The audience was quite large, something that never happens in my neck of the woods.

My Sunday return flight was at 11:45AM. I wanted to return early because I was supposed to meet someone at Dulles at 6:45PM. After watching four full elevators go by, I decided to hoof it down the stairs with my guitar, suitcase, and newly-acquired watercolor. In my haste, I forgot my coat and had to have the hotel mail it back to me.

After arriving at National getting my bags, I rushed home to do a bit of cleanup before going to the other airport. I discovered that someone or something had knocked several piles of books and papers onto the living room floor. Unfortunately, I didn't get as much done as I wanted to. The "someone" I was meeting at the airport was Suella, who was back in the States on vacation. We had dinner, and she had planned to spend the night at my place before going to a friend's in DC, but I fear the place smelled too strongly of cat for her. (My father's the same way.) She left on the 24th of May. I've got my Holland trip planned, and I'm trying to work out a jaunt down to Morocco for a bit. I'll have to find out how much it costs from Amsterdam; I know KLM goes to Casablanca.

Disclave was held over Memorial Day weekend. It is not a good con for filk. Though I filked a little bit on Saturday night, most of the time I helped feed the hungry multitudes in the Disclave, our giant con suite. The following weekend I went up to New York for a day, and took an early morning train back to play in a concert at the Capitol in commemoration of Tienanmen Square. It was attended by about 1,000 people. We did the Requiem by John Rutter. I've never heard the piece, or even of the composer before, but it really is lovely.

A few days later I went to Chicago for the big demo. Not only did it go well from a business standpoint, but I got to spend an evening filking with Carol Poore Roper. (Bill was giving a guitar lesson to someone else and couldn't make it.) The demo went well enough that I think I'll be back in Chicago later this year.

ConCerto, June 8-10, was pretty well-attended. A number of California people showed up, including GOM Kathy Mar, Heather Rose Jones, and Bob Kanetsky. It looks like it was successful enough that there will be one next year. I sat on a panel on rhyme and scansion which wandered off to the more general topic of the theory of songwriting in general. One man whom I had never seen before sang in the one-shots and blew me away. He is not a songwriter, but he has a really nice voice with a three-octave range. People say I have a nice voice, (and yes, I've finally recovered from The Bronchitis From Hell!) but next to this guy I sound like a frog with laryngitis. I believe that if he wanted to do it, he would have a decent shot at a professional singing career. Unfortunately I didn't get his name. Bob Laurent gave me my performer's copy of one of the Noreascon tapes there, and mailed me the other just a few days ago.

The Arlington Symphony pops concert was not the most embarrassing moment in my musical career. It was only the second most embarrassing moment. However, it was the most embarrassing concert I've ever played where it achieved disaster status before the first note was played. (It got even worse

afterward.) The main problem was the MC, a dreadful self-parody of a British actress named June Hanson, or something like that. She kept blathering on with all sorts of self-indulgent digressions; I think she added twenty minutes to the running time of the concert. We were amazed to discover that our conductor's grandfather, Albert Szent-Gyorgi, had won the Nobel Prize for inventing Vitamin C. Everyone was so disgusted with her that concentration was shot. As a result, we had a horrible performance of a Vivaldi concerto for three violins and 'cello. The 'cello got completely off. (Part of the problem was the staging; the three violins were together, but the 'cello was very far away and had her back to the violinists.)

On June 16th, my father called to tell me that my mother had been in the hospital for the past two weeks with pancreatitis, and would probably be there for another week. She had forbidden him from calling my siblings and me until now. I had originally intended to stay with my parents for ConCerto, but I got an offer of crash space and stayed at the hotel. Otherwise, I would have found out sooner. Fortunately, she's now pretty well back up to speed.

I've managed to hook up with a group of chamber music players whose regular 'cellist is absent a lot for the summer. I've now got a regular Sunday night date. On the 15th of July their usual 'cellist came and we played two-'cello quintets. Besides the well-known Schubert, Boccherini (who was a 'cellist himself) wrote six which are really concerti for 'cello with string quartet accompaniment. They threw the first 'cello part at me which I think I did fairly well considering that I was sight reading.

On the folk/filk side of the ledger, I returned to the Reston Folk Music Club after several months' absence and sang *Hope Eyrie* and *Mary O'Meara*. It didn't go as well as I would have liked; I should know better than to shovel cheese burritos with sour cream down my throat before singing. (They would have to hold it in a Mexican restaurant!).

The first weekend in July I went to Pittsburgh for a wedding reception for my cousin Ralph and his new wife, Lanana (she's Thai). They live in Los Angeles and were married there, but since most of the relatives live in Detroit, Pittsburgh, and New Jersey, they had a reception in Pittsburgh. I met for the first time a number of relatives I didn't even know I had. In at least one case, I also found out why I'd never met them before (and don't care if I ever meet again). My mother was not quite up to the trip, but my father and sister came. I'm awaiting a registry list from Robinson's in Los Angeles so I can get them a gift.

I finally had a heart-to-heart talk with the housemates. I enlightened them on such esoterica or biological science such as the relationship between cockroaches and food left lying around on unwashed dishes, or the life cycle of grass. (Yes, it grows to a certain point, goes to seed, and dies. However, before that point is reached, another part of the ecosystem takes over: the neighbors call the county, the county calls the landlady, and the landlady calls me.) I had to come back from Concerto two hours early because everyone else had blown off doing the grass on the week it was their turn. I may very well be evicting some people if things don't shape up around here. I don't mind clutter, but when someone spills something sticky on the counter and doesn't even bother cleaning it up, it's time to call a halt.

I received an honorable mention in a contest run by National Review for the best limerick on the subject of Imelda Marcos. They printed the final

three lines of the following:

wept Imelda, "They said I was callous
When I lived in Malacanang Palace.
But from pricey French booze
And my swank Gucci shoes
'They've reduced me to reruns of *Dallas*."

I have all sorts of new toys. I bought a laptop computer from a catalog place in California called DAK. They had a deal that was just too good to pass up - a 286 laptop with 1MB of memory, 40MB hard disk, a mouse, DOS, and oodles of software including Borland Quattro, GEM Desktop Publisher (which I haven't learned to use well enough yet to produce this issue on), WordStar 5.5 and a fast PC-to-PC file transfer program. I also got a battery-operated ink jet printer and a battery-operated 2400 baud modem. In other words, I'm ready to compute anywhere on the road. Meanwhile, at work I got a new 33MHz 386 machine with 4MB of memory and a 17ms 150MB hard drive. It's about six times faster than my previous machine. Unfortunately, much of my work now has to be done on a VAX with woefully inadequate memory; I might as well have a dumb terminal.

Holland Approach came through with a great deal flying KLM out of Baltimore - \$504 roundtrip. I'll be away for 18 days, though a few of them will be a quasi-business trip to Basel. (In other words, we're not billing the client, but I'll be doing marketing, and my company will pay my expenses for the side trip.)

The tribulation and trials (especially the trials) of His Dishonor Da Mayor continue apace. I have to say that I'm a bit put off by some of the things the prosecution is doing. The last time I looked, skirt-chasing was uncouth but not against the law. Yet the prosecution brought up women to testify to nothing more than the fact that Barry was trying to get them into bed. (This has nothing to do with the question of 1) did he use cocaine, or 2) did he lie about it? I'm surprised that either the defense didn't object to this irrelevant material, or that the judge allowed it.

Surgeons at Walter Reed Medical Center are preparing for one of the most difficult and challenging cases ever seen there: George Bush's lip transplant. Peace is breaking out all over Europe, but somehow we still seem to be unable to reduce spending, and so we're going to have a tax hike to pay for the troops in Europe that should have been replaced by Europeans long ago. I guess Congress and the President are too busy worrying about the really important things, like flag burning and whether or not to fund urinary art.

I have to confess to a love-hate relationship with retiring Justice Brennan. I have to cheer every time something like a flag-burning case comes before him as he leads the slim majority against the Constitution-burners like Kennquist. But on other issues, chiefly capital punishment, I believe Brennan ignored the plain language of the Constitution in order to arrive at a result he wanted. I am not saying anything about the merits (or lack thereof) of capital punishment; my point is that there are procedures for amending the Constitution, and Brennan's appointing himself a one-man constitutional convention is not among them.

* * * * *

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C F D
Johnny L. Pogue was a bit of a rogue,
G G7 C
He was very handsome, it's true.
F D
And here's what he said as he lay in the bed
G G7 C
Each time he slept with someone who was new:
F C
You're the first! You're the first!
G C F C
You've taken the virginity with which I had been cursed.
F C
You're the first! You're the first!
D
Yes, darlin', this was live and unrehearsed.
G G7 C
Believe me when I tell you you're the first.

(I understand that this is easier for a guy to get away with than a woman. Of course, this is purely theoretical. I have no personal experience....)

Jennifer Wing was a pretty young thing,
But still quite an innocent lass.
When she and John kissed, it was hard to resist.
Here's what he said when she fell for his pass.
You're the first! (That's right!)
You're the first! (Since last Tuesday....)
Oh, thank you, darlin' Jenny, you have fin'lly slaked my thirst.
You're the first...
My heart it feels like it's about to burst.
Believe me....

Josie McKim, she was perky and slim.
John met her one night in a bar.
The liquor was smooth, and so were his moves.
They did it in the back seat of his car. (And he said:)
You're... (It's true!) You're... (Blue-eyed redhead....)
Oh, baby, you were wonderful, you're surely not the worst.
(That is - I mean - uh -)
You're...
'Til now in love I was not so well-versed.
Believe me....

(The sad thing is, considering his actual lovemaking skills - she had no trouble believing him.)

But Jenny and Jo were good friends, don't you know.
And one day the two met for lunch.
Jo said Johnny's name; Jenny said, "It's the same
As that of my new handsome honeybunch."
(As if that weren't bad enough, it seems the waitress also knew Johnny....)
At quarter to eight, John showed up for a date
With Jenny for drinks and a show (and you know what).
He was feelin' quite fine, but soon changed his mind
When he saw Jenny standing next to Jo. (And they said:)
That's the last! That's the last!
Your days of double-dealin', they are all now in the past.
That's the last! That's the last!
Try this again, you'll wind up in a cast,
Believe us when we tell you,
Rotten bastard, go to hell,
G G7 C G7 C
You better listen when we tell you that's the last!

Isoscan 6

Matthew Marcus

1. Long Time No Hear

It's been a while since I've contributed to this zine, since I've been rather busy with various mundane activities (let's see now, 5 conferences, a department change, various backings and forthings...). No time to scratch, let alone apahack.

2. The cLOCK is Ticking (comments on #43)

Margaret Middleton: Your taxonomy of filk is an interesting idea. Under delta filk should be added a subclass for political filk, such as "A Warning for Unknown Voters" and "Ecology". Will we now have filksings in which the various rooms are marked with Greek letters? What comes between Delta and Tau, and between Tau and Omega? How about a Ballad of Beta-2 (Ooops! title taken) :-).

Mike Stein: What was that "secret project" you were going to unveil at Noreascon? I was there, but didn't notice anything of the sort.

Mark Blackman: WU had to drop "Happy Birthday"? I guess the lawyers have won in this country. Does anyone think that anybody lost money because WU used that song?

John Boardman: I understand that Lauder got some tiny percentage of the vote this time around, so perhaps our filkish energies should be directed at Giuliani and Dinkens. I can see how you just couldn't resist doing something with that 'subways run on time' crack.

3. Worldcon Wanderings

Noreascon III had a scheduled filk track, filksings every night, and filk performances in the Con Suite (*v.i.*) at odd times in the afternoons. A rather filkish con. Against this background, there was a proposal to set up a Filking Guild something along the lines of the Costumer's Guild. The motivation is the Rodney Dangerfield Syndrome - "I tell ya we don't get no respect! We filk for decades and we don't have our own Hugo catagory or nothin'!".

Flame On!

Let's think carefully about this for a bit, shall we? Filking doesn't get a Hugo catagory because it (usually) isn't SF! If a Beta-3 or Beta-4 filk is that good *as SF*, then it should win - as one of the "Other Forms". Otherwise, filking just isn't what the Hugo's about. A filk award could be given out by some small group without first building the mighty edifice of a

Guild. What really bothers me is the idea of creating and centralizing power in filkdom. We don't really need filk-smofs. Already, filk has grown a large enough commercial side to bring in lawyers, contracts, and centralized control. Why help it on its way? I can forsee a time in which one or more of the filk-rooms at a con will be labeled "Guild-Approved Only". Yes, filk's getting bigger. No, it doesn't have to act like it.

Flame Off

OK, on to other aspects of the Worldcon. The Con Suite was not your usual. It consisted of a large exhibition hall at the Hynes Convention Center, set up to look something like a miniature town, with parks separated by streets. The parks were areas floored in Astro-turf, with chairs and various park-like things in them. Between the parks were "streets", marked in dark green floor covering, and containing no obstructions except fen. One such park had a tiny gazebo. On a small wooden tree were stuck bits of paper with labels such as "BEE", "FLOWER", etc. The gazebo had its share of "PIGEON"s. There was a large area devoted to an exhibit on the history of fanzines, with copies of zines dating from the Golden Age of First Fandom. Another area hosted an exhibit of Worldcon costumes. Along the walls were booths for Worldcon bids, BIX, etc. Anyone for Zagreb in '93? Near the entrance to the huxter room was the Party Monolith and the Voodoo Message Board. It could be argued that such popular attractions should have been farther from the hux-room traffic flow, but the crowding was not bad. The only bad thing about the Con Suite was that there were no free munchies! There were a snack bar and a hotdog stand run by ARA (the folks who bring you that fine cafeteria dining. Yum! <urp!>). Hotdogs were \$2.25 a pop. The scuttlebut I hear is that the hotel was about to pull out of its contract and it cost the Con \$50,000 to get them back. Another bit of rumor is that this food service deal was part of a contract.

The hux-room did its usual number on my wallet. Eight filk tapes, a hymnal, several books, and some buttons soon sent me back to the ATM. I assume that Clam Chowder's Last Orders tape is from their last-ever performance? Speaking of last-evers, Box-boro Fandom went out with a bang, turning the second floor of the Hilton into Louis Wu's 200'th Birthday Party. At the 'Death of a Fandom' party the following night, there was some filking, including a song whose chorus went

And it's no, no, never
Not never, no more
Will I throw the wild party
Not never, no more

I could go on about the Con, but this thing is getting long enough as is, and besides, I have some comments about the previous Worldcon, which have been sitting here waiting for me to get my act together and send it to Brooklyn.

4. Two Years at Worldcon

I was at what Roberta so accurately characterized as the "Mess They Call the Worldcon in New Orleans". She's dead on. Thanks for providing such a clear explanation of such a murky mess. A point or two not mentioned: There were events in about 4 hotels including the Doubletree a couple of blocks away. Since I stayed there, I referred to it as the Doubletalk or the Doublefee. There were filksings there which I didn't find out about until they were over. There were no con notices at all there. This is all the sillier since the events could have easily fit into the two main hotels if not for the Baptists and the Black Narcs (no, they didn't call themselves that, but that's what they were. One of the rare issues of the con newsletter warned about experimentation with certain pharmaceuticals anywhere near the Sheraton). I did get to some of the filking which was at the Mariott ("Marry-rot"), where I picked up the term 'Frank Hayes' Disease' which has the symptom of blanking out on your own filksong while you are attempting to sing it. Happens to me all the time, which is why I get nervous when I'm in a circle and I haven't got my printouts along. Just before the Con I was at a physics conference during which I wrote the following:

Conferee's March
(Tune: Line Marine's March)

We've been bored to death at 25 conferences,
misref'renced at a dozen more.
And all that we've earned by the end of the trip
is a butt that is swollen and sore.

The APS meets, the MRS too
The Gordons to New Hampshire go
And it's posters, inviteds, and plenary talks
We'll go where the hot air does blow

The theories we write, some heckler shoots down
Oftener than we'll admit
So the more that we go, the less is the risk
That we'll say something stupid in print
We will break the banks of our travel funds
We will break projectors as well
And the Conferees with their programs in hand
Will follow those programs to hell (or the hotel restaurant,
whichever comes first)

Bridge:

The airport is our office, we sleep on the airplane.
No-one ever got, his work done on an airplane.
We're diverted when it rains and delayed when there's wind.
And they've lost our registration when we fin'llly get in.
Still we carry our vugraphs wherever we're called,
And there's none can refute them though they're nothing at all.

End bridge:

We've left thoughts in the heads of 25 colleagues
Disputed with a dozen more
And maybe we'll have had some fresh ideas
When we walk back through the lab's door.
We get some results, we write up a talk
Send it in ere the deadline is gone
And its posters, inviteds, and plenary talks
That's how we make science move on!

Between the conference and the Con I had some free time during which I wrote this, in memory of certain mall excursions I've experienced:

A Gross Exaggeration (I Hope)
Tune: Ban(ne)d from Argo

When we found that a bookstore had appeared within the mall
We looked it over carefully, perusing wall to wall
We had high expectations of selection and of price
But found to our chagrin an irate cashier's not too nice

Chorus: And we're banned from Walden's one and all
 Banned from Walden's so we'll find another mall
 We took a little group in there, three dozen, maybe four
 And Walden's doesn't want us anymore

The SF rack was crowded so to Mysteries we went
As usual the books provided cause for some comment
"I read this one", some ONE yelled out, "'Twas clear from page thirteen,
The handmaid did it, with a spoon, from under the latrine"

To Humor, then we wandered, and we laughed dementedly
The manager checked up to see the source of our glee
He had high expectations of the profits he would make
Until we said we'd read them all and no more we would take

A scientist among us gravitated naturally
To Science and Non-Fiction, then grew wroth as he could be
"Astrology is bogus!", said he, "just a loser's cult;
Put this BOOK back with 'A YUPpies's GUIDE to THE OccULT'!"

Our book BUDget's fandom's highest and our libraries our pride
The trail we leave in bookstores, though, can be a mile wide
We're sorry for the unshelved books, disorder, and the fuss
At least we know that shopping mall will long remember us!

At the Con filksings, we started to get into a Wesley-bashing mode, so I whipped out my earlier song (in Isoscan 5) and also wrote the one below. However, somebody else beat me with what I consider to be the definitive Off-Wesley song ("In the transporter, Wesley must die!/ Throw him in headfirst, set it on full disperse./ billions of pieces, Wesley must die!, etc." Tune: Mongol's Birthday). I wish I could remember this song. It had verses about selling him to the Ferenghi ("make a deal that is sound, \$1.69 a pound"), sending him down to various nasty planets, etc. If anyone remembers this, please reply. Here's my effort:

Little Wesley
(Tune: Rubber Ducky)

Little Wesley, you're the one
You make sadism so much fun
Little Wesley, nobody is fond of you, Oo-Oo-Oo-Oo!

Mozart clone, though out of tune
Why don't you play, on the Moon?
Little Wesley, your Captain despises you

Below's a planet that looks to be interesting ...
It has,
A virus your Mom hasn't finished testing
(Your brain it's infesting!)

Little Wesley, here's a shirt
Of brightest red, you little squirt
Little Wesley, here is the beamdown
Little Wesley, you're going to fry now
Little Wesley, we're finally rid of you!

5. The Great Cold-Fusion Circus

What with all the buzzing about cold fusion, the claims and counterclaims, emotions and reactions, it's obvious that somebody has to filk^{*} this prime example of what appears to be pathological science. After all, this story has more plot twists and bogus science than a Star Trek episode. Anyway, here's my summary of the early days of the fusion ruckus:

^{*}"This was written months before I got APAFILK 43, so I hadn't seen the cold-fusion filk therein.

ConFusion, Fit the First
(Tune: Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?)

The chemists from Utah have started a racket
Of claims and of papers there has been a packet
Of heat there's an excess; of couth there's a lack, it
Has been a confusing affair

Oh, dear, where can the neutrons be?
If there is true fusion energy
They claim an excess of enthalpy
Some chemists are saying "so there!"

They wrote in their paper of large heat releases
Electrodes that melted and blew up in pieces
As volume goes up, likeWise heat increases
Don't try this at home, kids, beware!

[Tune change: Never Set the Cat on Fire
Don't use too big a hunk of metal
It may be quite a shocker
And keep it cool with all your mettle
Unless you're off your rocker

Do not stop the current flow
Or up the whole lab you may blow
And never use too big a hunk

And mind your safety
As watts of heat outPut require
Or you may set the lab on fire

[End tune change

So meetings were held, sometimes filling a stadium
To hear Pons and Fleischmann discourse on palladium
The arguments go on, and border on tedium
All in publicity's glare

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Some folks don't get any energy
Where is the repeatability?
Wonder if anything's there

"Trade secrets", says Flieschmann, "I cannot now leak it"
"To get an electrode to work you must tweak it"

He can't understand why this causes such pique, it
Sets up the stage for a dare:

Give us the recipe that is right
Tell us the facts; we don't want a fight
Don't be such slaves to your lawyer's might
We'll see if there's anything there.

So far seems like there's nothing there.

I sang this at Noreascon III and got little response. I suspect most people there hadn't read the original paper or summaries of it.

6. Overflow

In Isoscan #3 I presented a filk (Beware of Non-Sentient Chili, Too) which was set to a tune whose name I couldn't remember. Well, I've since discovered that the name of the tune is "Hold Me Now". Now YOU can sing it, if you have such a bizarre inclination.

Here are a couple more filks I'm dumping on you. The first is inspired by various RPG campaigns which have lived and died. The second one started generating when I returned from the conferencing and conning and faced the modern scourge of the mails - bills.

RPG Imaginings
(Tune: Imagine, by John Lennon)

Imagine you're the leader
Imagine if you can
Elves in your party
A gnome, a man.
Imagine all the players
Yelling like a fool

Yoo-oo-ooo

You may think you're the leader
But you're not the loudest one
You hope someday they'll hear you
And then the game will be more fun.

Imagine you're a lawyer
A dungeon is your court
The many rulebooks
Are your support
Imagine that the DM
Read the books as well

Yoo-oo-ooo

You may think you're the lawyer
But you're not the final judge
You'll lose a ruling someday
And watch your mage become vanilla fudge.

(Spoken: Vanilla fudge?! Well, there was this Fountain of Soda down in the dungeon...)

Imagine you're the DM
The Lord of ev'rything
You know the secrets
Of Sword and Ring
It's all so bloody simple!
An obvious in-fer-rence,

Yoo-oo-ooo

You may think they are dummies
They've all failed to solve your game
Someday you'll BE a player;
Then your d-M will feel the same! <- stress on M in DM

Bills
(Tune: Boots, by L. Fish)

Chorus:

Bills, bills, bills, bills
Groups that you're belonging to
Bills, bills, bills, bills
Magazine subscription's due
Bills, bills, bills, bills
Mortgage, phone, and power, too,
You can't get off of the Wheel.

You've been out a
Week or two or maybe three.
All this time your
Mailman has been on a spree.
Every day the
Bills he brings with ghoulish glee,
So much for your welcome home.

Chorus

Just when you think
That you may be catching up.
Come some more bills
Timed so as to trip you up.
Bills, bills, bills, bills,
When is payday coming up?
You're always a step to the rear.

Chorus

Out come stamps and
Checkbook and a nice new pen.
Painful, but it's
Time for paying bills again.
Oops! You missed the
Last collection - 'twas at ten.
Will payments be tallied in time?

7. Updates: 7/15/90

The cold-fusion ruckus is dying down somewhat as negative results keep piling in. It seems that some Pd electrodes come from the factory with tritium already in. Calorimetry is harder than it looks, and when done right, yields no excess heat.

The astronauts who launched Hubble (I've GOT to write a filk about that lemon) were awakened the morning after launching it with "Sagan's Cosmos" (There's a hole in the middle of it all...).

